

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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WILLIAM WHISTON.

HONEST WILL WHISTON, as he was called, was one of the confessors of Unitarian Christianity at the beginning of the last century. A contemporary of this good man says of him, "I am persuaded that if any country could furnish twenty such men as he, that they would, without pay, and with mere liberty to speak their sentiments, put to flight twenty thousand listed to support error. He speaks what he thinks, and is not guilty of the contradiction of making the Christian religion a matter of great importance and yet concealing his thoughts about the particulars of that religion. He pays no regard to fashionable doctrines; nor to fashionable divines, who in obedience to one another and in harmony, vary, change and regulate the faith of the vulgar. He will not be bound to creeds which he has subscribed, but renounce them when he judges them erroneous; nor will he subscribe articles which he does not believe, or subscribe them in senses contrary to those designed by the imposers." He was one of the foremost men of learning and philosophy in his day. In mathematics he had few equals; and but for his Unitarianism, a bishop of the Church declared, "he would have been cried up as an ornament of the age, and no preferment would have been denied or envied him." The King and the Lord Chancellor tried, in vain, to get him to subscribe the articles of the Church, that they might exalt him to a lofty station and afford him large emoluments. He openly attacked the Trinity and Deity of Christ as unscriptural doctrines. He had studied with the greatest application the Bible and the writings of the first centuries of the Christian Church, and he said he utterly despised the system of divinity, the articles and confessions of

faith, then so popular in the churches. And although they knew he was a man of fair and unblemished character, and true learning, and always seeking to promote virtue and piety in others, and was willing at all times to do or suffer anything that would conduce most to the honour of God and obedience to Christ; yet he was expelled from his professorship at Cambridge. He was also at times refused a seat in his parish church, and the rector had him more than once mobbed. He was prosecuted in the ecclesiastical courts and harassed because of his determination to make his views known. At last he commenced a religious service in his own house, and used a reformed liturgy. He invited the leading men and divines of his age to his home for the study and discussion of true Christian doctrines. The following illustrious men were among his friends: Sir I. Newton, Halley, Addison, Steele, Tillotson, Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Bentley, Dr. Clarke, Locke, and others. Queen Caroline often availed herself of his advice. He affirmed the great mission of his life to be the restoration of primitive Christianity, in opposition to Athanasianism, and some of the fruits of his labours are now appearing in our land. In a word, he lived a long life, and for nearly sixty years of it he renounced dignity, wealth, and ease, for the sake of a good conscience. This good and brave man died in 1752, after one week's illness, in the 85th year of his age.

" 'Tis sweet to think of heroes dead.
To know them still alive,
But sweeter if we earn their bread
And in us they survive.
"Our life should feed the springs of fame
With a perennial wave,
As ocean feeds the babbling founts
That find in it their grave."

HEED YOUR WISHES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I've just made my mind up about it, aunty, and there's no use talking to me," said Helen; and she set her lips tightly together, and clouded her young brows, and put all the sweetness out of her face. "I don't love her at all, and hope I'll never see her again. I wish"—

"Take care!" Aunt Mary spoke in a warning voice.

"Take care of what?" The little girl lifted her eyes from the floor and looked up, half surprised at the tone in which her aunt said these two words.

"Take care that you don't wish evil to yourself."

"I'm not so foolish as that."

"I don't know," said Aunt Mary. "We cannot hurt others by a mere wish that harm may come to them; but we are in great danger of hurting ourselves by letting such wishes find entrance into our heart. It is opening the door that an enemy may get in."

"I don't see what harm a wish can do," answered Helen. "It's nothing but a thought."

"It is something deeper than a thought, my child. It is a feeling. The wish that some harm might come to Lucy Bain, which I checked ere you had spoken it, was but a hidden desire of your heart; an evil desire, which, if it gets possession of your thoughts, may not only lead you to think of the way in which you may 'spite her,' but cause you to do her harm if an opportunity offers."

"O, no, aunty! I wouldn't do her any harm. I'm not so wicked as that."

"So thought the man when he only wished some body would burn his neighbour's mill down. His neighbour had done him a wrong, and that made him angry. Anger is a very unsafe thing to have in the heart. It twists our thoughts into wrong shapes. It blinds our better reason. It brings us under the influence of evil spirits who burn with the desire to do us harm."

"Time went on, but nobody burned the neighbour's mill. The wish that it might be done had set the man's thought going in that direction. Imagination painted it all in flames; or pictured it before him a blackened ruin. He often dreamed that he saw it on fire; and so

vivid were his dreams sometimes, that he would put aside the curtains of his chamber window when he awoke in the morning to see if the mill were actually unharmed.

"Day after day and week after week came and went, and still the neighbour's property was safe from fire. The thought of burning it was only in one man's mind, and he had always been a good citizen, readier to do a kind action than to injure another. But, from the simple wish that somebody might set the mill on fire because the owner had offended him, thought had become so filled with the idea that it haunted him day and night, and at last brought him to the resolution to do the wicked deed himself. Now wasn't that dreadful? Just see to what a mere wish may lead sometimes. A wish that good may come to another will often cause us to think about it, and then to plan the way in which we may do the good ourselves. Just so a wish that evil may befall another may cause us to think about it, and at last to plan the way in which we may do him harm."

"So you see that wishes and thoughts are great powers sometimes, and not to be trifled with."

"At first the man was frightened at the thought of doing so wicked a thing. But the wish that somebody else would do it had been cherished so long that the very sight of the mill began to annoy him. From being at first displeased with his neighbour, he grew to hate him, to speak evil of him, and to act unkindly whenever opportunity offered."

"One dark night the man stole out of his house after his wife and children were asleep, and went to his neighbour's mill. None saw him but God. He crept in like a thief through an open window, and after kindling a fire under one of the stairways, crept out again, and was making off as fast as he could when he fell over a bank, hidden by the darkness, on to a pile of sharp stones, and was so badly hurt that he could not rise nor get away. Here, when the burning mill made all as light as noon, he was found bleeding and in dreadful pain."

"Peopled asked, 'Why was he there at that hour of the night?' Many had heard him say hard things against his neighbour, and some could now remember

threatening words. He was taken home in a sad condition. One of his legs, and two or three of his ribs were broken, and it was five or six weeks before he was able to leave his room. Then he was arrested on the charge of setting fire to his neighbour's mill, and on the trial, which came two months afterwards, found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment, and also to pay a heavy fine, equal to the value of the mill he had burned down. A good citizen before, honoured and esteemed, he was now a disgraced man, and none ever afterwards respected or put faith in him.

"And all this dreadful wrong, my child, and its sad punishment came from the small beginning of a simple wish that somebody would burn down the mill of a neighbour who had done him wrong, and against whom, in consequence, he had permitted himself to harbour feelings of revenge."

Helen's face, as she listened to this story, had grown very serious. She now sat, looking down at the floor, without speaking for a good long while. Raising her eyes at last, she said,

"Aunty, is it wrong to be offended with any one?"

"It is not wrong to feel displeasure when another treats us badly."

"Well then, aunty, Lucy Bain did treat me very badly. She told a lie on me, and when I asked her about it snubbed me in the most insulting kind of way, just as if I was of no account."

"Which made you very angry?"

"Of course it did."

"When did this happen?"

"Yesterday."

"And you've nursed your anger ever since. The sun went down on your wrath. This is the worst part of it. What Lucy Bain said could not do you any serious harm. It might make some people think ill of you for a little while. But truth surely comes into light soon or late. Lucy hurt herself a great deal more than she hurt you. And the anger you have nursed has done you more harm than Lucy's lie. Don't you see how this is?"

"I began to see it, aunty."

"You you were going to wish some harm to Lucy. What was it?"

Helen's face grew red, and she hesi-

tated a few moments; then she spoke out frankly:—

"I was going to wish that some one would tell a worse lie on her."

"Why, Helen, dear!" exclaimed aunt Mary.

"It's true aunt. I was just that bad. I say bad, for I can now see that it was wicked of me; for I wanted somebody to be worse than Lucy, so that I might be revenged on her. O dear!" And a look of distress came into Helen's face.

"And it is just possible, my dear," said aunt Mary, "that if you were to go on brooding over Lucy's offence, and wishing that somebody would do even worse to her than she had done to you, that, like the man that had burned the mill, you would yourself become the wicked wrong doer—so dangerous is it to let feelings of anger and revenge find a resting place in our hearts. They are deadly enemies, and if we do not cast them out, will do us fatal harm."

"If I only knew how to cast them out," said Helen, lifting her now calm and earnest eyes to her aunt's face.

"They will cast themselves out, if you but turn from them. They came in at your invitation. You opened the door, and gave them a smiling welcome. But they have proved themselves enemies instead of friends. Turn your back upon them, and open the door for better companions; for kindness and forgiveness, and pity for the school friend who harmed herself in trying to harm you, and they will take themselves to flight."

"But I am so young and so weak, aunty; and these bad feelings are so strong. Won't God cast them all out if I pray to him?"

"Not for simple word prayer alone, my dear child. But every wish to do right, and be right, is a prayer that God hears, and if trying goes with wishing, then God's almighty strength comes with our effect, and we have power to conquer the worst enemies of our souls."

"Oh, aunty dear, I can understand that!" Light beamed from Helen's face. "We mustn't just say our prayers, and expect that God will do for us, and give us all we pray for; but we must always be trying to shun what is wrong, and do what is right, just as if our strength was our own, knowing that God who loves us

and wants us to be good, really gives us strength, and makes us stronger than all our enemies."

"I cannot say it in better words, my child," replied aunt Mary, as she kissed her niece tenderly. "And now that you understand something about the danger of letting bad wishes and thoughts get into the mind, I am sure you will guard the doors of entrance more carefully in future. The story about the mill is a lesson for us all."

THE CROSS OF LOVE.

O, I WAS sad and weary—wearied with the conflicts of life, with its daily toil, with its bitter strifes. I reasoned with myself and thought they might be trial tests of my faith and love. Then I looked around upon my fellow-mortals and thought not one of them had as much to endure as I did. Some friends were taken from me by death, others by estrangement worse than death, and I was obliged to toil for my daily bread. O, I would change places with any of my friends; their burdens could be easily borne, but mine were too heavy, *my cross I could not bear.*

As I mused, the angel of sleep passed by, and the breeze wafted by his wings fell soothingly upon my spirit, and I slept.

Soon a soft and silvery light seemed to surround me. The sweetest and most beautiful music filled the air. A form of angelic beauty approached me. His brow shone with a clear, resplendant light; his face was calm and so radiant, so God-like, that I felt like one entranced. I could neither speak nor move. As he came near he gently waved his hand and said, "Follow me, I am the way." Involuntarily I arose and followed. I seemed to float through the blue ether, and the most delicious fragrance filled the balmy air. After traversing what seemed to me almost illimitable space, he stopped and addressed me thus: "Mortal, I have witnessed thy conflicts and struggles. Thou thinkest the cross given thee too heavy to bear; lay it aside and take one of thine own choosing, at the same time pointing to a place where lay myriads of crosses of diverse size and fashion.

I felt inexpressibly happy as I laid aside my cross and looked about to select one to supply its place. Soon my eye fell upon a

small but brilliant-looking one, composed of jewels and precious stones, and I said, "I will take this, it must be easy to bear." But soon I began to totter; the weight was too much, and I said, "O, I must takn it off, I cannot walk." "Gently," he said, "try again." Then I selected one of gold, elaborately wrought, thinking surely I could bear a golden cross. But that, too, pressed so heavily upon me that I was obliged to lay it down. Then the angel smiled mournfully upon me, and said, "Don't weary, try again." This time I selected one composed of most beautiful flowers, thinking this is for me, the burden must be light. But it soon made its hidden sorrows known to me; thorns pierced my flesh, and I cried in anguish, "This one I may not bear!" and I said, "O! why need I have any cross? I do well enough without." Then the angel gently answered, "No cross, no crown."

Sadly I gazed, but the angel said, "Fear not; there must be one here to suit your need." Slowly passing along I espied a plain, unpretending-looking cross with the word Love engraved upon it in letters of gold, and I exclaimed, "O, I know I can bear this one!" As I raised it, a smile of ineffable sweetness illumined the face of the angel, and I found I had chosen "my own old cross again." But O how differently it seemed from what it used; it fitted exactly, and joyfully I acknowledged it the best for me to bear.

Then the angel said, "For He so loved thee that He gave his only begotten Son that thou, by bearing the cross given thee, might inherit eternal life."

With grateful heart and eyes suffused with tears, I looked to thank the angel, but he had vanished, and I awoke.

But what a lesson I had learned. Surely the cross "my Father" gave me was the best. With grateful and contented heart I thanked the Giver, never again doubting that the way He had prepared and appointed was the one for me; ever praying that whatever He thought necessary for the discipline of my life, I might bear with patience, and trust in Him who doeth all things well."

ANNIE PHILLIPS.

REMARKABLE—There lies buried in the churchyard at Battle, Isaac Ingale, 120 years of age. He was a servant in Battle Abbey 110 years.

THE UNITARIAN NAME.

BY REV. R. L. CARPENTER.

OURS is no sectarian name. If we called ourselves Socinians, or Arians, or Sabellians, or Lutherans, or Calvinists, or Arminians, or Wesleyans we should be sectarians (we should, as the Apostle tells us, be carnal), we should cut ourselves off from the one faith, the one body, and the one Lord by owning other masters than Jesus Christ. If we called ourselves Episcopalians, Presbyterians, or Congregationalists we should separate ourselves by modes of government as to which Christians are not agreed. If we were designated Nonconformists, Dissenters, or Protestants, we should adopt names on which a negative is implied—difference, not unity. If we insisted on being styled Catholic, or Evangelical, or Free Church, or of the Society of Jesus, or Christian, we should bear an honourable title, which at first would seem to have nothing exclusive. All Christians wish so to be called, all desire to be of the Society of Jesus, all claim to be free, all allow that Catholicism, or universality, is a character of God's church, but, for that very reason, we object to any division of Christendom monopolising these denominations. We go further—we may say that, just in those matters in which persons divide, they forfeit the claim to the name they assume. The Catholic Church did not call itself Catholic till it had lost a right to it—it insisted on the name when it was found not to be a reality; as long as it is a Romish Church and a Roman bishop claims to be its infallible head, it has, in that particular and to that extent, departed from Catholicity. The Jesuits, just in that respect that they are Jesuits, are aliens from the society of the truthful Jesus. Those who call themselves the Free Church are, in Scotland, at least, the most rigidly trammelled by creeds and confessions, from which, if they had kept to Christ's word, they would have been free indeed. And, as to the Evangelicals, we tell them not only that we are truly evangelical, because we would make the Gospels our glad tidings, but that in those very matters from which they differ from us, and think themselves peculiarly evangelical, they are quite the reverse—because they depart from the language of the

evangelists, and adopt quite another theology.

Now, when we call ourselves Unitarians, others may say that ours is not the true unity, or they may affirm that they may deserve the name as well as we; but no one who credits us with common honesty can dispute that unity of some sort is one of our prominent doctrines, and, while we make sacrifices to maintain it, no one who is himself honest should dispute our honesty.

The Divine Unity is a truth which no Christian will deny. It is only in the definition of it that we differ. It may, indeed, be said that we may give such an undue importance to a truth as to exaggerate it into an error. For instance, we may all agree that God is the King of Kings, but those who separate themselves from other Christians by the intensity with which they maintain the divine sovereignty may be led into pernicious extremes. Even if we formed a sect to proclaim that God was love we might end by falling into very one-sided and unlovely notions. No! ours should be no limited, partial view of the Great Supreme. Now, are we shutting out any truth by taking our stand upon the great fact—which all Christians allow—that God is one? I believe not, because this is no isolated truth, but it is the very foundation on which all the rest are built.

If, then, there is a fault, or rather an inconvenience, in the name Unitarian, it is not that it is a combative name—there is no “anti” in it, no negation, no dissent—not that it is a narrow or exclusive name, but that it is so comprehensive that half the world may claim it. Jews, Mahomedans, Theists, Christians, are all Unitarians, in contrast to those who believe in “Gods many.” Wide as the name is, we who have it should be narrow if we claimed to monopolise it; so far from doing so, we say that the larger the circle of those who desired it the greater would be our joy. We hail every manifestation of zeal for it, spring where it may. If other churches will give to the great truth that God is one the same prominence, in fact, that they do in theory—whether or not they express their conceptions as we do ours—they will be accomplishing one object and fulfilling one prayer.

Let me remind you how wide is the

recognition of the truth we hold. I shall say nothing now of the great cloud of witnesses by which we are compassed about, who lived and died in the faith that God is one. I shall not allege the proof from Scripture that patriarchs, psalmists, prophets, apostles, and the church of Christ's own founding believed that the first of all the commandments was, Jehovah thy God, Jehovah is one. But we remark that the Jewish Church—the mother of all the monotheistic churches—maintains to this day the fundamental doctrine:—"I believe that the Creator, blessed be His name, is only One, in unity to which there is no resemblance, and that He alone has been, is, and will be one God." "This conviction," we are told by one of their rabbis (Dr. Raphael), "is woven into the very texture of the Jewish mind. All his festivals bring it to his recollection; it is inscribed on his phylacteries and on the tables of his heart. 'Thou, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one!' such is his confession as he opens his eyes in the morning to hail the light of day. 'Thou, O Israel, the Lord one God, the Lord is one!' is again his confession as he closes his eyes at night; and when the Israelite's last day comes, what are the words with which he prepares to appear before the judgment seat of the Eternal One, on whose mercy he relies for life and joys everlasting—what are they but a confession of that truth to which through life he has been the unflinching witness—'Thou, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one!'"

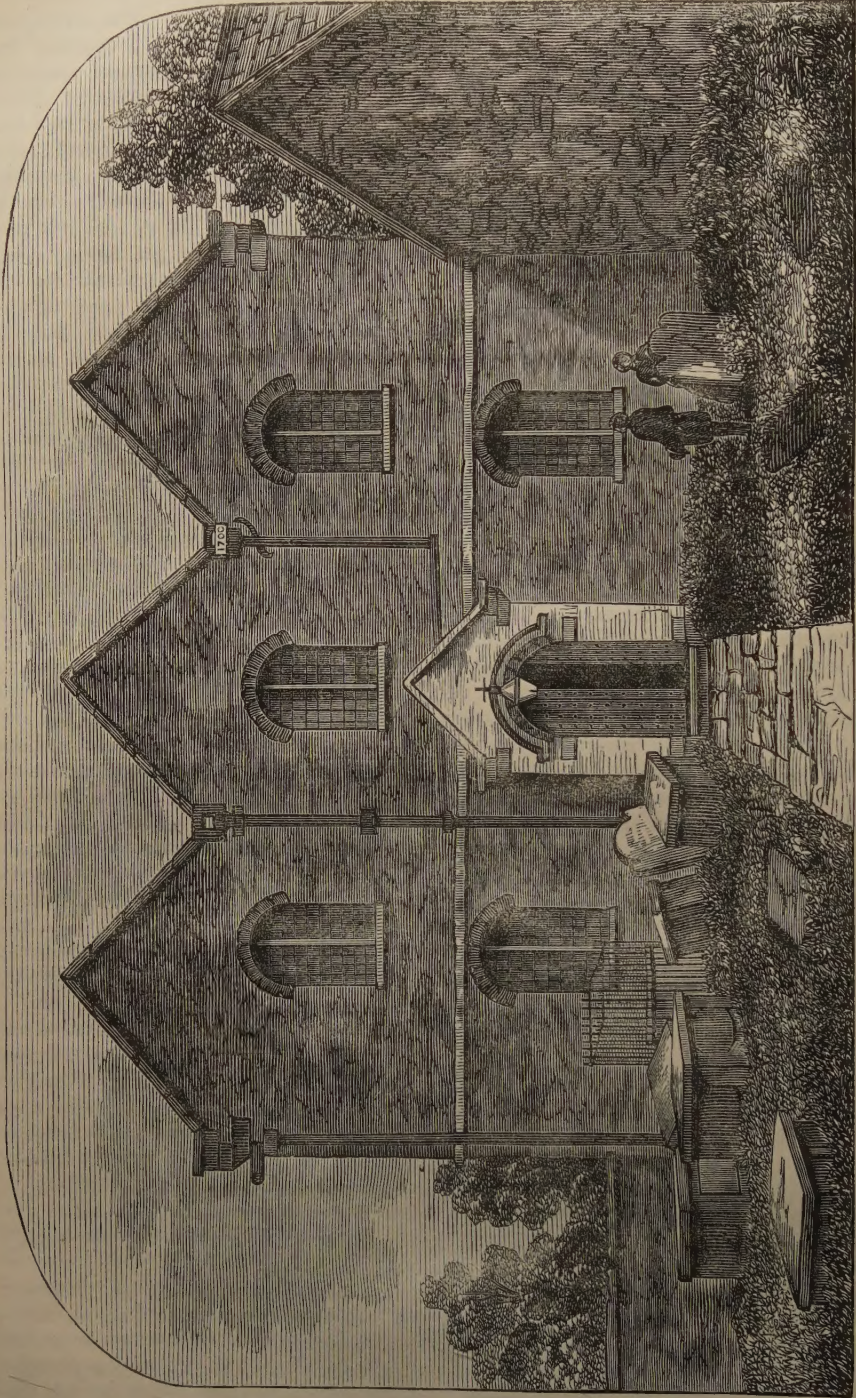
God is one is also the fundamental article of the Mahomedan faith, and Mahomet, though he was in many respects a false prophet, maintained this grand truth more clearly, more earnestly than the so-called Christians of his day. It is this which has given a vitality to the religion he taught, despite of its many corruptions and errors. It would be well if those who profess themselves the disciples of Jesus had been as faithful to His express commands as those of Mahomet have proved to their watchword. It would not then have been left to the followers of one whom they regard as an impostor to vindicate the unrivalled deity of the one only God over so large a portion of the Old World.

In theory all Christians believe in the Divine Unity. If we visit Catholic countries and see the devotees bowing before pictures and images, and find churches dedicated to saints, but none set apart for the worship of the Father only, and note the reverence paid to the "Mother of God" (the God, her son, having been bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh), it is hard to persuade ourselves that we are not among idolators. When we enter the established churches of our own land, and hear in the Litany three persons each described as God—one of whom has human attributes unlike those of Him who is purely spiritual—it would seem that we are among Tritheists; yet each would resent the charge as a calumny—they contradict us, even at the risk of contradicting themselves, and assure us that they are believers in the one true God; and no doubt they believe in the Bible, which so expressly says that there is but one God; and the common prayer of all Christendom is the Lord's Prayer, addressed to the Father, whom the true worshippers are to worship in spirit and in truth; and the creed which is the most ancient and most universal may be called the Apostles' Creed, at least, so far as this, that it teaches the apostolic doctrine of "God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." And even when we come to creeds and articles essentially Trinitarian we find that Trinity is in unity, and distinct confession is made of one only living and true God. Trinitarian writers say that to deny the doctrine of the Unity of God "would be an error of still more alarming magnitude than the denial of the distinction of persons in the Godhead." They affirm it as "a fundamental principle designated in characters of light, both in the Jewish and Christian revelations, and that to deny it would be the grossest absurdity as well as impiety." Such invocations as those in the Litany are the exceptions; as a rule, one God only is addressed in the public service of the English Church, and it is to this fact that our Trinitarian forefathers set apart their meeting-houses, not for the worship of the Trinity, but of "Almighty God"—without defining or dividing that God—that we with a safe conscience inherit their foundations.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

1887

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND



MATTHEW HENRY'S CHAPEL, CHESTER.

MATTHEW HENRY'S CHAPEL,
CHESTER.

WE are enabled this month, through the kindness of our minister at Chester, to present to our readers a view of this old chapel, the foundation of which was laid in 1699. It was opened in 1700. On that occasion the sermon was preached by the pastor, Matthew Henry, and was a frank and faithful exposition of the principles of Nonconformists—then not only despised as schismatics and sectaries, but maligned as rebels against their king and as traitors to their country. He was one of those few faithful men who cared more to keep a clear conscience than to fear the obloquy of a despised and righteous cause. In the midst of persecution he breathed a gentle and forgiving spirit, and on the occasion we have named he said:—"Be at peace with those from whom you differ in opinion, and receive them not with doubtful disputations. Carefully watch that a diversity of communion cause not an alienation of affection. Be as ready to do any office of love and kindness and respect to those from whom you dissent as to those with whom you consent: resolve, though you differ from them, you will not differ with them. . .

"We are far from engrossing religion and the Church to ourselves and those of our own way, or thinking that we are the only elect people of God: *from our hearts we abhor and renounce all such narrow principles* as are contrary to catholic Christianity, and undermine and straiten its sure and large foundations."

We are not surprised that property held in *open trust* for the worship of Almighty God and the *free expression* of religious truth, as it is discovered in the Scriptures, came at last to be the place where Unitarian Christians meet for worship. The history of almost every congregation, left free from the fetters of creeds, is a history of change ultimating in a simple theology such as our Churches now hold.

It would appear that in seven years the congregation greatly increased, the people of Mr. Henry having joined it, after his death. The gallery was built in May, 1707, for their accommodation, on which Mr. Harvey takes occasion to record:—"And now I reckon we come to be above 350 communicants, and above 300 ordi-

narily present. And, blessed be God, a great deal of comfort and unanimity among us, and my ministry well accepted, for which I praise the Lord."

To many of our readers it will be interesting to know how the Sundays were spent and the services conducted in this place in those days. Worship commenced at nine o'clock with singing, usually the 100th Psalm. An introductory prayer followed. Then an exposition of the Scriptures—the Old in the morning, the New in the afternoon. Then a prayer half an hour in length. Then preaching for an hour, followed by prayer; the service concluding with hymn and benediction.

In the building a few inconsiderable alterations have been made since the time of Matthew Henry; but we felt confident it would be more satisfactory to give an engraving of the chapel as it was in his days. About a quarter of a century ago the chapel was repewed, and in 1862-3 it was refronted and the premises greatly improved, at an expense of about £1000.

With feelings of reverence, visitors to Chester, to this day, survey the chapel, stand at times in the pulpit so long occupied by this pious and learned man, and examine his commentary which was once chained in the gallery of the chapel. He died in the year 1714, when on a visit to the north, for he had removed from Chester to London, and the following were among his last words, for he had a strong presentiment that his hour was come—"You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men. This is mine—that a *life spent in the service of God and communion with Him is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world.*" May we all remember this dying address, no more important truths can be treasured in our memory. He was then in the fifty-second year of his age. He lies buried in a churchyard near the chapel.

The following are the names of the ministers since the time of Matthew Henry:—The Revs. John Gardner, 1713; John Chidlaw, 1751; William Thomas, 1798; James Lyons, 1808; William Bakewell, 1815; R. B. Aspland, M.A., 1826; M. Maurice, 1833; James Malcolm, 1851; S. F. Macdonald, 1856; J. K. Montgomery, 1860, present minister.

FRANCIS DAVID.

THE Reformation of the sixteenth century was not, as is frequently but too confidently asserted, the establishment of any one set of doctrines; the phrase "the doctrines of the Reformation" is unmeaning, and yet misleading. The Reformation was a protest, and to a large extent a successful one, against ecclesiastical assumptions, asserting, at the same time, the sufficiency of scripture and the right of private judgment. The Reformers were of every shade of opinion on doctrine, whilst among them the anti-trinitarians played no undistinguished part. Though being the minority, and almost everywhere out of favour with the ruling power, they have rarely had that justice done them which their piety, their learning, their love of truth, and their integrity has deserved. The defenders of the precious and long lost truth of the divine unity were compelled to hide themselves or to fly to distant countries for safety, or for the liberty of proclaiming those principles they held far dearer than life. Poland and Hungary were at this time the asylums of religious freedom, and here, for a considerable period, the faith once delivered to the saints was spoken manfully and defended skilfully. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

With the name of Socinus most persons are tolerably familiar, far more so than the generality are with his works or life, though his writings are distinguished by deep acquaintance with the Scripture, by great talent, and an earnest devotional spirit, and his life was strictly conformable to the holy truths he professed and vindicated. But it is not so much of Socinus that we would now speak as of one of his contemporaries—a man equal to him in many respects, and in one or two superior, yet who is far less known—the excellent but unfortunate Francis David. His is a melancholy story—reflecting little credit on the persons by whom, in his latter years, he was surrounded; yet it should not be suppressed, though the blame must be attached to a few illustrious individuals, whom, in other respects, we must speak of with all honour. Francis David, or according to the Latinised form, which was much affected by the scholars of his time, Franciscus Davidis, was superintendent of the Reformed congregations of Hungary and Transylvania

during the earlier part of the career of Faustus Socinus. David was held in the highest estimation throughout the churches and by the Prince of Transylvania and his court. He was an accomplished Biblical scholar and a very popular preacher, drawing crowds of all classes to listen to his sermons. His character was also stainless, and he was thoroughly devoted to the work of the ministry. David was at first a great admirer of Luther, and adopted that Reformer's opinions on the Sacrament, zealously defending them from the press. He at this time subscribed the famous Augsburg confession. He appears also to have embraced the leading tenets of Calvinism. His powerful and active mind did not, however, rest here. He could not reconcile the five points with the teachings of Holy Writ nor with the deductions of right reason. His mind became perplexed; he sought most earnestly for light, and as he had been at all times careful to do the will of God, he at length learned the doctrine. He fell in with a man very celebrated in his day, but whose subsequent conduct did not tend to adorn the doctrine he professed. George Blandrata, David's new friend, was a physician of great skill and eminence. He had come from Poland, of which country, however, he was not a native, to watch the health of Sigismund the Second, then Prince of Transylvania, and by his care recovered him from a serious illness. Blandrata was a man of refined and accommodating manners, of fluency, and fond of introducing theological subjects into conversation. His plausibility and natural eloquence gave great effect to his words, whilst the prince felt most grateful towards him, and he became the favourite court physician. It was not long before David and Blandrata became intimately acquainted. Blandrata openly assailed the orthodoxy of the day, and was listened to by David, who found he could not maintain his ground against his friend's arguments. Truth, to such a man as David, was the pearl of great price—it was victory. David became a Unitarian in the strictest sense of the term. God was one and the only proper object of worship; Jesus was his beloved Son, the first born among many brethren, still of their nature; and this, which he believed to be the simple Scriptural faith, he ever afterwards zealously maintained through evil and good report.

And for some years the two friends worked amicably together. But their proceedings excited much alarm in the orthodox party. Peter Melius, also a superintendent—but of the Hungarian churches alone—a zealous advocate of Trinitarianism persuaded Sigismund to call an assembly of the pastors both of Hungary and Transylvania, who accordingly met in 1556. “To this assembly,” says Dr. Rees, in his interesting narrative of Unitarian affairs at this time, “Blandrata and David submitted several propositions declaratory of their sentiments, but they were drawn up with so much care, and expressed in such ambiguous terms, that the synod found no cause for censuring them, and contented itself with subjoining to the several articles its own ‘limitations’ or commentary.” Subsequent synods were held, and conference took place with no better results. Melius became very angry, and endeavoured to excite the mind of the prince against Blandrata and his friends without effect. Sigismund died some years after, and was succeeded by Stephen Bathor, a man of great prudence and moderation, whose first declaration was that he was “king of the people, and not of their consciences.”

But the friendship between Blandrata and David was no longer to continue. David was a man of strict, even severe morals, and he was deeply concerned at finding Blandrata had been guilty of a heinous offence against Christian purity. David, therefore, forbore his society, and thought it a duty incumbent to warn others against him. This excited Blandrata's rage, who carried his resentment so far as to persecute David for alleged heresy, the obnoxious proceedings ending only with the victim's death.

Every one knows that among the Unitarians of that time a schism prevailed as to the extent of the honour due to Christ. Socinus, and many with him, whilst holding our Lord's proper humanity, yet contended for an inferior worship of him, as the first born of the spiritual creation. David, with others, maintained that every kind of religious adoration must be paid to the father alone. Blandrata, who professed the Socinian view, furiously attacked David for preaching against the worship of the Saviour, and had interest enough with the prince to have his opponent cast into prison, but previously having in vain endeavoured

to induce David to retract his opinions, he had recourse to an artifice which reflects the utmost discredit on him. He invited Socinus to repair to the capital of Transylvania, and on his arrival there so managed matters that Socinus became the guest of David; but neither of these had any suspicion of Blandrata's plot, which was that, in the unrestrained intercourse of these eminent men, something might be made of David's words, which, as repeated by Socinus, would materially help the accusation against him. From four to five months Socinus remained under David's roof. Their conversations were frequent and animated, at times warm; the principal topics of these were reduced to writing, Socinus sending the manuscripts from time to time to Blandrata, and thus unwittingly contributing to his friend's destruction. Enough of matter was now collected for Blandrata's purpose, and the arm of the civil power was put into execution. Socinus must be held free of the charge of persecution thus far, but it is too true that he sanctioned, at least implicitly, the imprisonment of David, though he urgently protested against putting him to death. The nobility were generally averse to these persecuting proceedings, but Blandrata, bent on the execution of his unrighteous purpose, prejudiced the prince against him, and though David was suffering from excruciating pains in the bowels, his enemy would not suffer him to be free for a short time. David could not stand, and could hardly speak when brought before the tribunal that was to judge him, and his son-in-law had permission to speak for him, the prince presided in this assembly, and David being urged to recant before him. Lucas, his son-in-law, boldly and nobly answered for him—“He will not, for it is not firmness but weakness in a man to revoke without reason what he has once asserted.” The court was adjourned to the next day, David in the mean time being recommitted to prison, to which he was followed by numbers, including some persons of high rank, desirous to testify their affection towards him. The aged confessor exhorted them to continue steadfast in the faith, “observing,” says Rees, “that the world would see and acknowledge that God was one, and was alone to be worshipped with divine honours.”

Again was this courageous man brought

before the assembly, and again, though in the utmost bodily weakness, did he nobly uphold his principles. He was condemned as a blasphemer, but his enemies were ashamed or afraid to take his life. The perfidious Blandrata had the assurance to embrace his victim in the open court. David repelled him with excusable indignation. Though, perhaps, for form's sake, some of the Hungarian ministers demanded of the prince David's death, even as an atheist, he was sent back to his dungeon without any definitive sentence being pronounced. Here he suffered close confinement; and here, deprived of nearly every earthly consolation, and with little to alleviate the tortures of his disease, he resigned himself wholly to God. But beneath him were the everlasting arms. His name was cast out as odious among men; but it is in the Lamb's book of life, and it will shine eternally bright as the brightest star in the firmament.

SOME DAY.

You smoothe the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

I do not scorn the power of time,
Nor count on years of fadeless prime;
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among these heavy locks of mine;
Ay, laugh as gaily as you may,
You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!

Some day I shall not feel as now,
Your soft hands move above my brow;
I shall not slight your light commands,
And draw your tresses through my hands;
I shall be silent and obey—
And you—you will laugh that day—
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands
Will linger with these glossy bands,
When you shall weave my latest crown
Of their thick masses long and brown;
But you will see no touch of gray
Adorn their shining length that day—
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot
Upon the lips which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured tress
And leave the rest to silentness—
Remember that I used to say,
"You'll think of this again some day,
Some day!"

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

ON Mona's desolate shore, in a cavern by the sea, there dwelt long ages ago the last of the Druids. None knew whence he came or how long he had lived there alone; some said it was for a hundred years, and others that it was for a time far beyond the age of man, and that the Druid was no other than Merlin himself, who had seen Arthur die, and had dwelt in the halls of Carleon, and worshipped in yet remoter time in the sun temple of Stonehenge. Men and women travelled far to visit the solitary cavern where the Druid dwelt, and to ask him to reveal to them the mysteries of life and death; and kings came to consult him regarding war and the policy of states, and priests to ask him concerning eternal things; and to all of them the Druid made response, and his words were wise and deep, and were treasured in many souls.

Now it came to pass one evening in the later autumn, when the air was still and shrouded, and the sere leaves were slowly dropping from the trees, and the salt green sea cast its tribute of wrack and shells at the door of the Druid's cave, that there came up together from different lands many suppliants, and they all entered into the cavern to entreat the seer to answer their questions and give them counsel. And behold the Druid sat on a stone in the depths of the cave and the red fire-light shone on his raiment, and his hair and beard were white as snow; but his eye was blue and calm and sweet, and none who looked on him felt any more fear, and the suppliants drew near and saluted him reverently; and he bowed his head in token that they should speak, and each of them in turn spake; and the first said unto him:—

"O, Druid! I am a queen of far-off islands, and my king, who loved me well, loveth me no more, nor seemeth to heed me; and I have given him my father's crown, and loved him with my whole heart. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the second suppliant spake and said:—

"O, Druid! I am a knight, and I loved a lady who once gave me her troth; and I have borne it on my helm through

many a bloody field, and I have brought her back glory and fame; yet she loves me no more. What must I do to awaken her love?"

And the third suppliant spake and said:—

"O, Druid! I am a rich man, and I loved my brother, and divided with him my lands and gold; but he loves me no more. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the fourth suppliant spake and said:—

"O, Druid! I am a bard, and love not one man only, but all the good and wise, and I poured out my soul in song; but they loved me not, nor responded to my words. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the fifth suppliant spake and said:—

"O, Druid! I am a seeker of knowledge, and I love my race, and have imparted to them the truths I have read in the stars and gathered from the ends of the earth; but they love me not, nor regard my lessons. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the sixth suppliant spake and said:—

"O, Druid! I am not great, nor wise, nor rich, nor beautiful; I am but a poor maiden, and I love not only the good and learned, but also the weak and the ignorant, and I give them all my tears and all my life; but they love me not, and, because they love me not, I cannot serve them as I would. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the seventh suppliant spake and said:—

"O, Druid! I am a mother, and I love my only son; and I had no crown, or honour, or lands, or art, or wisdom to give; but I gave him what was more precious than them all—a mother's love. Yet he loves me not. What must I do to awaken his love?"

Then the seven suppliants stood silent, and the Druid sat still for a little space. And the night had fallen while they spake, and the fire had burned low, and the cave was dark, and it came to pass, as they waited patiently, that the depth of the cavern seemed to become light, as if a luminous mist were filling it. And as they gazed at the mist, behold! as if

reclining on clouds, lay a form as of a beautiful youth, more beautiful than any of the children of men, and he lay asleep. And the Druid spake to the suppliants, and said:—"Behold now, and see how Love sleepeth; and how heavy are his slumbers; and who is he that shall awaken him?" And lo! there came through the mist a train of beautiful forms, and each of them passed by the couch of Love, and strove to waken him with kisses and with tears. And some tried hollow smiles, though their eyes were dim; and others were seen to wring their hands and kneel at his feet in agony; and others brought him crowns, and sceptres, and gold and gems, and stars of honour, and wreaths of fame, and they cried with exceeding bitter cries, "O Love, awake, awake!" But Love slumbered on, nor heeded any, and his sleep was unbroken alike by their kisses, or gifts, or tears.

Then there came forth from the mist another form, pale and cold, and dressed in the cerements of the grave, and it passed slowly nearer and nearer to the couch, till its shadow fell like the shadow of a cloud over Love as he slept.

Then Love sprang up with a wild and terrible cry, and held forth his arms for those to return who had striven to waken him so long, but who now were pushed away beyond his reach for ever. And the Druid turned mournfully to the suppliants and said:—"Only this solace have I for your aching hearts—*Sleeping Love will waken when over him falls the shadow of death!*"

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AN IMPROVED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

It is very gratifying to hear that there is now a general uneasiness about the present version of the scriptures. Clergymen of all churches are beginning to recommend that something be done to bring our New Testament into greater harmony with the original. In opposition to this the present Archbishop of York made an unwise statement some time ago, "That our translation is the best in the world," and yet he has ventured to retranslate the Epistle to the Galatians, and has only departed from the authorised translation where he found it "incorrect, inexact, insufficient, and obscure," and yet in 149 verses he has made no less than 252 alterations.

We have now before us a pamphlet by a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Alfred Dewes, M.A., a "Plea for a New Translation," and we shall place before our readers a few of the texts he says ought to be altered:—

Matt. xvi. 26: "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." "Lose his *life*."

Matt. xxviii. 19: "Baptising them in the name of the Father, &c." "Into the name."

Luke xvii. 21: "The kingdom of God is *within* you." "Among you."

John iii. 36: "He that *believeth* not the Son shall not see life." "Obeyeth not the Son."

Acts ii. 47: "The Lord added to the Church such as *should* be saved." "Were *being* saved."

Rom. v. 15: "For if though the offence of one *many* be dead; much more the grace of God by Jesus Christ hath abounded unto *many*." "Unto *all mankind*."

1 Cor. xv. 45: "There is a *natural* body." "Animal body."

1 Cor. ii. 14: "The *natural* man discerneth not the things of the spirit." "The *animal* man." There is the same unfortunate translation of the words in James iii. 15, and Jude 19.

1 Cor. vii. 9: "It is better to marry than to *burn*." "To be troubled."

Philippians iii. 21: "Who shall change our *vile* body." "The body of our *humiliation*." The scriptures nowhere say the body is vile.

2 Tim. ii. 16: "All scripture as given by inspiration of God." "Every writing which God hath inspired."

Heb. x. 23: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith." "The confession of our hope."

2 Peter ii. 1: "Who bring in damnable heresies." "Heresies of destruction."

Matt. xxiii. 14: "Shall receive the greater damnation." "The severer judgment."

Matt. xxiii. 33: "The damnation of hell." "The condemnation of Gehenna."

Rom. iii. 8: "Whose damnation is just." "Judgment."

Mark iii. 29: "Is in danger of eternal damnation." "Judgment." Some of the best scholars render this, "Eternal sin."

John v. 29: "Resurrection of damnation." "Judgment."

Rom. xiii. 2: "They that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." "Shall bring upon themselves judgment."

1 Cor. xi. 29: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself." "Judgment."

1 Tim. v. 12: "Having damnation." "Incurring judgment."

2 Peter ii. 3: "Whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not and their damnation slumbereth not." "Destruction."

Mark xvi. 6: "He that believeth not shall be damned." "Condemned."

Rom. xiv. 23: "He that doubteth is damned if he eat." "He that hath scruples is at once condemned if he eat."

2 Thess. ii. 12: "That they all might be damned who believe not the truth." "All might be judged."

Mr. Dewes very properly says, "The terrible mischief which this single mistranslation has caused in making sad the hearts of those whom the Lord has not made sad, never will be known until that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be unveiled." In truth we have known cases bordering on insanity brought on by those very mistranslated texts—days and nights of restlessness and sorrow derived from those passages. Mr. Dewes remarks, "That every clergyman must at times feel that it would be better to read the chapter from the New Testament at times to his people in Greek, for then he would at all events not be misunderstood."

THE CHURCH OF SAUVETERRE.

In the neighbourhood of Agen and Gers, close to the Garonne, is a village—or rather a hamlet—called Sauveterre. It is composed of small houses, most of them scattered and surrounded by trees, and presents but a dull aspect. How lonely must life there be! How often must a sigh be heaved for the busy and fruitful life of the great centres of civilisation and the great homes of learning! How sad and wearying must be the long winter evenings! Earnest and devoted indeed must be who accepts the lot of a country pastor, who dooms himself to loneliness, obscure toil, and struggle, without hope of sympathy or honour. Such an earnestness and devotion has been shown by M. Louis Bresson, pastor at Sauveterre, whose ordination lately took place.

The history of his flock deserves to be told. Before 1853 there was not at Sauveterre a single Protestant. On February 16, in that year, the Presbyteral Council of Agen received a petition signed by sixty-eight heads of families, declaring that they had abandoned Catholicism and desired the settlement of a Reformed minister among them. Whilst the petition was under discussion its senders had to undergo much persecution, some of them being flung into prison, whence they were, of course, soon set free. In spite of this, the greater part of them remained firm, and sent again declarations of their Protestantism, to Agen.

On the 20th October M. Cavenou, pastor of Agen, was sent by the council to Sauveterre. He met with no material opposition as he refrained from holding meetings and only visited separate families. The work was now begun in earnest; collections were made in various congregations to provide for the erection of a church. The council fixed the 11th February, 1854, for the opening of the edifice, but required that the converts should previously re-assert their adherence to Protestantism. Difficulties were again raised by the local authorities, but the ceremony at last took place on the 14th May, M. Cavenou preaching from the text, "*I speak as to wise men.*"

The struggle was not over. When M. Corbiere (who had been appointed pastor in September, 1854) wished to obtain a burial ground, he had again to battle with

local magnates. At last an old Catholic cemetery was ceded to him, though too small and most inconveniently situated. Another struggle took place when he wished to form a Protestant school. In vain did he offer to manage it himself, the necessary permission was refused him. M. Houlès, a schoolmaster, who proposed to go from house to house teaching the children, was also forbidden to do so. At last permission to open it was obtained in 1856. The church and the school were won—Protestantism was victorious.

Its influence has since spread, and is felt in many neighbouring places, especially at Astafort, a town with a population of a few thousands, where Protestant worship is held every Sunday. M. Bresson and M. Corbiere, now of Agen, preach there alternately. A noble field for apostolic activity lies before our brother; he knows the duties and the mission—the one most worthy of a noble heart—of the pastor in this our troubled age. K.

MY CREED.

As other men have creeds, so have I mine;
I keep the holy faith in God, in man,
And in the angels ministrant between;
I hold to one true Church of all true souls,
Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine,
Nor laying on of hands, nor holy oil,
But only the anointing of God's grace.

I love not kings, and caste, and rank of birth;
For all the sons of men are sons of God;
Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born;
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown,
That makes him less or more than just a man.

I love one woman with a holy fire,
Whom I revere as priestess of my house;
I stand with wondering awe before my babes,
Till they rebuke me to a nobler life;
I keep a faithful friendship with my friend,
Whom loyally I serve before myself;
I lock my lips too close to speak a lie;
I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe;
I owe no man a debt I cannot pay,
Save only of the love men ought to owe.

I open wide the chambers of my soul,
And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.

Thus reads the fair confession of my faith;
So crossed with contradictions of my life,
That now may God forgive the written lie!
Yet still by help of him, who helpeth men,
I face two worlds, and fear not life or death.
O Father, lead me by thy hand! Amen.

THEODORE TILTON.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A FACT FOR FINE PREACHERS.—Robert Hall was once asked what he thought of an elegant sermon, which had created great sensation. "Very fine, sir," he replied; "but a man can't eat flowers."

HEART PERFECTION.—The last, best fruit that comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is the tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

SALUTATIONS.—In Shropshire the usual valediction among the poor is, "I wish you good luck," instead of the more common, "I wish you good day," or "Good bye." This brings to mind Psalm cxix., 8, "So that they who go by say not so much as 'The Lord prosper you; we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.'" The valediction of "Good day" was originally "God give you good day;" it is now lost in the "Good morning" of the present day.—*Notes and Queries.*

WHO ARE CATHOLIC?—A person said to Coleridge, when arguing on Popery, "But you will, for civility's sake, call them Catholics, will you not?" "No," replied Coleridge, "I will not tell a lie on any occasion, much less on so solemn a one. The adherents of the Church of Rome are not Catholic Christians. If they are, then we Protestants are heretics and schismatics, as, indeed, the Baptists, very logically from their premises, call us. And Roman Catholic makes no difference. Catholicism is not capable of degrees or local apportionments. There can be but one body of Catholics *ex vi termini*. To talk of Irish or Scotch Roman Catholics is a mere absurdity."

A HAPPY REJOINDER.—At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognised him, and asked if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said his interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

ANCIENT FUNERAL MUSIC.—It was among the ancient Jews to introduce music at funerals. This is shown by the passage in the Gospel of Matthew: "And when Jesus came into the rulers' house and saw the minstrels and the people making a noise, he said unto them, Give place: for the maid is not dead but sleepeth." Forkel mentions that according to Maimonides, even the poorest Hebrew husband was expected to engage at the funeral of his wife at least two flute-players, and a hired female mourner. It would seem strange to hear among the gossips of the present day such remarks as, "What a mean man Mr. So-and-So is; he didn't have a single flute-player at his wife's funeral."

SPEED.—The velocity of a ship is from 8 to 12 miles an hour; of a race-horse, from 29 to 30 miles; of a bird from 50 to 60 miles; of the clouds in a violent hurricane, 80 to 100 miles; of sound, 823 miles; of a cannon ball, as found by experiment, from 600 to 1000 miles; of the earth around the sun, 68,000 miles, more than a hundred times quicker than a cannon ball; of light, about 800,000,000 miles, passing from the sun to the earth, 95,000,000 miles, in about eight minutes, or about a million times swifter than a cannon ball.

A CHAIN OF VERITIES.—Rarely has so golden a chain of verities been linked together in one short paragraph as the following by President Quincy: "The great comprehensive truths written in letters of living light on every page of our history, are these: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue has any vigour or immortal hope except in the principles of Christian faith and in the sanctions of the Christian religion."

A PRACTICAL COMMENTARY.—Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is because it has not yet come to years of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge.*

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTER.—Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how they love you, in spite of all your ill-temper and rudeness, how thoughtful they are for your comfort. Try and be thoughtful of theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them; to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them; and if they express a wish be ready to gratify it, if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a beautiful poem which says:—

"Be kind to your sisters—not many may know,
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above."

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